

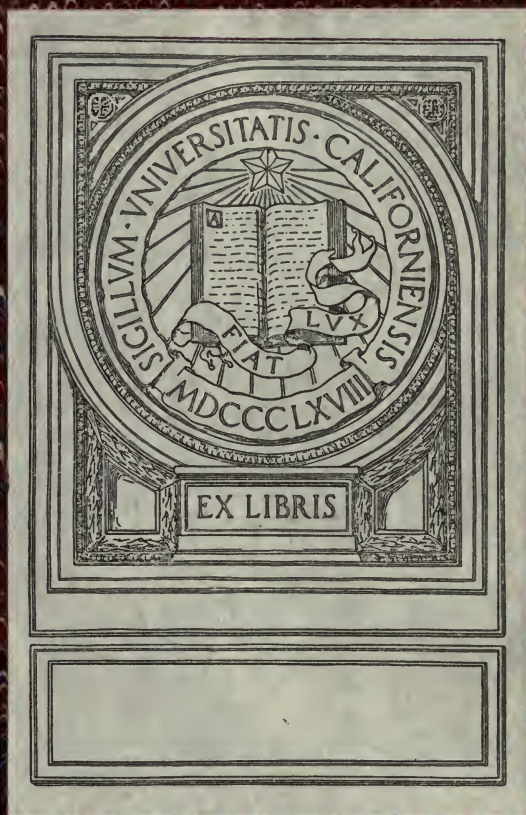
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G. M. Hall

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BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

A Mask.

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BRITAIN'S GENIUS:

A Mask.

COMPOSED ON OCCASION OF THE

MARRIAGE OF VICTORIA,

Queen of Great Britain and Ireland,

to

PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE REIGN OF YOUTH,

A Lyrical Poem.

BY THE REVEREND R. KENNEDY, A.M.,

FORMERLY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

—
1840.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY BLATCH AND LAMPERT, GROVE PLACE, BROMPTON.

T O H E R M A J E S T Y

Victoria,

QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

MADAM,

I ASSUME to myself the high honour of dedicating the two following compositions to your Majesty; and I venture to do so, without soliciting your royal permission, because one of them, on the present occasion of your marriage, has, necessarily, an immediate reference to your own sacred person. I have only to hope that my presumption will be pardoned on this account, as also from internal evidence, which will, I trust, be found in the composition itself, (however it may fall below the dignity of the subject,) that I have been actuated by sentiments of the purest loyalty, and by the most sincere wishes for the happiness of your Majesty, and your Royal Consort.

I have the honour,

MADAM,

To be, with profound respect,

Your Majesty's loyal Subject,

and most humble Servant,

R. KENNEDY.



GENERAL NOTICE TO THE READER,
RESPECTING THE TWO FOLLOWING COMPOSITIONS.

“THE REIGN OF YOUTH,” (excepting only a few verbal alterations,) was composed many years ago. It was, however, but lately, that I engaged, and was about, to send it to the press, with some other pieces in verse, when I was told and became aware, that many persons would apply it to the marriage of our gracious Queen, and consider that I intended such an application to be made. I therefore resolved, somewhat suddenly, that, if I did publish it at all, especially now, I would write on purpose, and precede it with, something else which might in itself be more suitable—or which, as written by me, I should deem more suitable—for the present important occasion. I had written the first fifty lines of “BRITAIN’S GENIUS,” before I enlarged my plan, and adopted the form of composition called a Mask.

R. K.

The Hollies, Yardley,

Worcestershire ; Feb. 10, 1840.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS:

A MASK,

ON OCCASION OF

THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

TO

PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG.

PERSONS IN THE MASK.

A MINSTREL *prologizing.*

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

Spirits attendant on him.

ARIEL, *their Monarch, accompanied by his Fairies.*

*Persons at a little distance, speaking from a shrine, on
which a light shines.*

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

SCENE, NOT FAR FROM THE SHORE.

A MINSTREL *speaks*.

'Twas not a baseless phantasy, or dream,
That mock'd my senses—or a dream it was,
Presenting shadowy the things which are,
And real sounds repeating. As I lay,
In waking trance, beneath a rock, the seas
Were all in motion, not provok'd by storm;
For birds of calm, upon their moon-lit surface,
Gently were riding. In a joyous mood,
Methought at times the waters clapp'd their hands.
White surges mov'd, like crowds upon their way
To keep a gorgeous festival, and roll'd,

Wave after wave, as eager to impart
Their softly murmur'd kisses to the shore.
Under supernal influence they seem'd,
Or magic power ; when, upward as I look'd,
Upon the cliffs, a giant form I saw,
Like an enchanter, with his lifted wand ;
Envelop'd oft in mist, yet with his head
Above it rais'd. In him I recogniz'd
The Genius of our land. His eye appear'd,
Or through that eye, his sun-like mind, to view,
Near and remote, the nations of the world,
With all that characters their several fates ;
Then homeward turn'd its glance, and though,
at first,
While his great heart rose up into his face,
A shade of deep solicitude was there,
It was dispell'd, with a quick radiant flash,
By rising thoughts, of all that in the past
Britain had been, and all she yet must be.
Wisdom and "public care" upon his brow
Had a fix'd throne ; and with them, might be seen
Firmness and noble fortitude, resolv'd
That what he willed or purpos'd should be done.

But see!—the height, whereon, half-veil'd, he stood,
He now is leaving, with a garb and mien
Less awful, as when mild relaxing Age
Prepares to join blythe boyhood's artless crew;
Or as an angel, that on gracious errand
Descends in mortal guise to mix with men.
To meet him, other denizens of air,
Spirits of lesser shape, are beckon'd forth,
And quit their cells, attending at his side—
Haply most semblant to an oak-crown'd troop
Of Druids, that, on Mona's shaggy mount,
Were known in ancient days. He, as their chief,
With loftiness of port, o'ertops the rest.
His movement, I conjecture, seeks with them
A verdant scene, near to this bosky glade,
Still and retir'd. The sea is *here* in view,
While *there* a country opens far and wide,
With cultured plains, the stir, and haunts of men.
But hearken!—for his voice may thence be heard.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

The happy day is dawning, when a Queen
Of Brunswick's stem, who sways these sea-girt
realms,

Will give her hand in wedlock's bonds, to one
Of kindred German blood—a princely man,
Son of a ducal house, conjoin'd with those
Who now maintain the Ancient Faith restor'd,
For which (when conscience deemed it such)
 their sires

Rais'd up a standard against papal Rome :
Fit husband for the Queen of such a land ;
Himself, like her, dispos'd to venerate
Our holy fanes, and verities receiv'd :
Himself, in duteous fealty to her,
Prepar'd to aid her, while she guards the laws,
And ever holds most dear a people's rights,
Which, thus secur'd, will best support a throne :
Himself, like her, in the bright bloom of youth ;
To them a mighty nation looks, for much
Of present good, for more of good to come.
In anxious hope, with lowly trust in heaven,
On their expected progeny, the fruit
Of this auspicious marriage, it relies
For a transmission of its line of Kings.
It is with glad solemnity I hail
A day so big with Britain's destinies.

And lo! in her sky robes, from eastern hills,
The Morn comes forth, stately as virgin fair,
About to wed; when at the sun's approach,
Her cheeks, half pale, begin to wear a tint,
Like Expectation's glow. Her path the while
Is deck'd with flow'rets, which the courteous earth
Can now supply, though spring-tide be not come.
Let nought be heard or seen, to mar th' intent
Of such a goodly hopeful time as this.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRITS.

Hence! away with party Strife—

A three-mouth'd dog of hell;
Let not his barking now be rife,
Nor faintly audible in distant swell.
By dæmon Art from madden'd Folly bred,
Let not Rebellion more be found,
To show above the ground
Its fiery crest, and serpent head.
Let not Freedom's name be blent,
By factious Hate, with wild Sedition's yell,
Or croaking Discontent.
Aw'd by the sight

Of Loveliness and Majesty,

Hence let them flee,

To join the brood of Night,

Nor dare to linger mid the blushing light,

Till Truth and Loyalty, and high Disdain,

Shall chase them back to Stygian caves again.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

But hark!—now singly, with succession quick,

And now, collectively, around the isle,

Cannons, with bursting din, attention rouse!

They speak from ships, that proudly o'er the deep

Were wont to bear the thunder of its power,

With dread effect on foes and foreign shores;

While now, as giants in a peaceful mood,

They only raise their loud yet harmless voice,

To tell of this great holiday at home.

THE SPIRITS.

Harmless, no doubt, yet startling is their din,

From Albion's cliffs. Old Ocean with his waves,

And other coasts, might think it battle's rage.

But inland sounds there are, now waken'd up,
That shake us less, and more of pleasure give.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

You hear, as I, the merry bells of England :
Can any country of the same extent
Boast of so many ?—in their size and tone
Diff'ring, yet all for harmonies combin'd :
Cluster'd, in frequent bands, through towns and
cities,
Lodgment they find in many a village tower,
And tapering spire, that crowns an upland lawn,
Or peeps from grove and dell; while now and then,
Modest and low, a steeple ivy-clad,
Behind a rock, reveals its whereabouts
To the lone trav'ler, only by their tongue.
Art's work they are, yet in their tendency,
Somewhat like Nature to the human soul.
Rais'd up 'twixt earth and heaven, they speak of
both ;
They speak to all of duty and of hope—
They speak of sorrow, and of sorrow's cure.
Exultingly a marriage they proclaim,

And, I might guess, this royal one, to-day
Would give them motion, in their loudest glory,
Unless the present time be not in health.

SPIRITS.

No secret mischief will be found to plot
Where there is sympathy with public joy—
And 'tis pure joy that hallows this occasion.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

No angels weep to-day, as, it is thought,
They sometimes may, for that which forces groans
From widowed hearts, while human myriads
shout.

SPIRITS.

And yet man's Maker meant that he should be,
Oft as he can, most innocently glad.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

Doubtless he did—nor ever am I pleas'd
More than when British men, and most of all,

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The sons of toil, give token of such gladness.
So were they custom'd. As the Year went round,
Oft from his train, with tale of fam'd event,
Or with a blest announcement from the sky,
A bright-fac'd Day, by some dear usage hail'd,
Stepp'd forth, and bade them everywhere rejoice,
All blithely summoned by the bells, as now.

SPIRITS.

'Tis happy for a land and for its people,
When the full spirits of the young and old
Shall thus flow out in artlessness of sport.
Waters, long pent, may swell to monstrous danger,
Sullen and still, with deluge in their power.
Far otherwise 'twill be, when timely vents
Give them to run in many a babbling rill
Through vales or down the rocks, and then
disperse,
Yet leave a green effect on laughing fields.--
Still more and more we hear those pealing
bells—
How true in tone they are !

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

Like them, I hope,
Are tribes that hear them talk. They have been
such,
Yet may be jangled, without heedful care.

SPIRITS.

Sweet bells, oft heard, and most, if their discourse
Shall meet life's daily ear, act wholesomely
Upon life's daily mind.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

'Tis sure, at least,
From their companionship with sacred rites,
They have a charm that *helps* in making men
(Whose measur'd steps move thither at their call)
Listen aright to what in church they hear.

SPIRITS.

May British hearts be ever thus attun'd
With a sound loyalty to heaven's high King,

As now they show a loyalty in mirth,
Which pays due honour to an earthly Queen.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

The bells, at length, have reach'd the climax grand
Of congregated sounds: peals, one by one,
Were heard awhile to ring—first, from this hill,
And that responding vale, sudden, and near at
hand,
Or widely flung, from distance, on the winds,
Majestical and sweet; then follow'd soon,
Thickly by others, with triumphant swell.
Now, with a gather'd strength, from every side,
Like armies, must'ring at the trumpet's call,
Their gratulations, all at once, assail
And fill mine ears, while echoes all around
From rock to shore their harmonies repeat.

THE CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

As if their sounds a kingdom's feeling told,
And from its depths were roll'd,
They mount—they meet in air,
Then only fall to rise,
And lift their billowy music to the skies.

Yet tones are mingled there
Soft as a lover's lay,
Or Joy complaining of its own excess,
When heard from far, they seem to die away
In mellow'd tenderness.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

But still, ye bells, ring out your chimes,
O'er waters, woods, and leas;
Call up the merriest olden times
To live again in these.

ONE OF THE ATTENDING SPIRITS.

They live once more in yonder peopled vale,
Where hundreds meet from villages around—
Revels, and games, and pageantry, are there—
Banners are borne about, with quaint device,
Emblazoning this day's solemnity.
Each age and sex supply the motley scene
With actors in it, and yet more, with gazers.
On the church turret sunny gleams are bright,
And faces no less bright—windows and trees
Display them too—while oft a peeping child

Is lifted up, and clasps a parent's neck.
 To tunes in unison with bounding hearts,
 The feet of many twinkle through the shade—
 Each human form becomes all eye and ear,
 To what enraptures both—upon all sides
 Frolic, and cheer, and jollity, are now
 In every shape, the reigning business there.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

The laugh, the titter, and the mingled noise
 Of talk, and clamour, all have caught my ear—
 Then came a pause of silence, after which
 A mighty shout was heard—and now I see
 Through this long aisle of overarching shade,
 A large procession hitherward advancing
 To the same open spot, on which we stand.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We hear, we see them come,
 With rebeck, flute, and drum ;
 Before them we behold
 One like a Robin Hood, or bowman bold :

Loyal, yet free,
 And full of glee,
 He waves his ruling hand,
 As though 'twere his to personate
 In solemn state,
 The mirth of all the land;
 Which oft, as on he strides,
 Doth shake his bearded chin, and swell his pant-
 ing sides.

*Here BRITAIN'S GENIUS and his Attendants retire
into the Wood.*

THE VILLAGER *representing* ROBIN HOOD, *comes
in with his procession ; then he says :*
 Now halt, now halt!—round me to form
 A wide encircling band,
 And silent be, until ye hear
 The word of my command.

They make a circle round him, and then he says,—
 Brave Englishmen, that to your kings
 Have all good subjects been,

Prepare ye now, most lustily
To cry, Long live the Queen.

Prepare, with fire of gallantry
These loyal words to say ;
Knowing she is a youthful Queen,
And this her wedding day.

Your wives must join, to be like mine,
When we have time to sing,
For Kate to me is then a Queen,
And I to her a king.

Prepare to join, unmarried youths,
Yet having wives in view,
That shall not scold, save now and then,
And always be most true.

Join me, ye buxom maids, and I
Will promise you a boon ;
Many shall wed, ere ten months pass,
And some, by next new moon.

Let hats and kerchiefs all at once
Be toss'd, or wav'd on high ;
While now your hearts and voices join,
In loud repeated cry ;
Long live the Queen who rules these western isles !
Long live the Prince on whom Victoria smiles !

They obey his command, and then he adds :
Well done, well done !—then now return
By the woodside with me,
To raise once more the same glad shout
Around the hawthorn tree.
The procession goes back to the Village Green.

PART II.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS, RETURNING WITH HIS
ATTENDANTS.

The route is gone ; and following their loud din,
Soft notes are heard at distance, here and there,
As if in honour of this hallowed time.

The SPIRITS together and successively.

On this day's theme
Alternate melodies each other greet,
Varied and sweet ;
Such as haunted Avon's stream,
When near it Shakspeare lov'd to dream.
Such as float upon the gale,
Where Shannon's waters glide ;
Such as often sing a tale,
To bonny banks of Clyde ;

Such as wont of old to come,
In wizard hum,
From vying harpers in a Cambrian vale.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

The strains I hear, denote, that now call'd forth,
Fanning mild æther with their viewless wings,
The Fairies are at hand. They will not fail
To seek this place, as one of old resort ;
Lest they be scar'd away, I will withdraw
Into this cave, yet not be out of hearing.
Come with me, other spirits—all but one,
Whom I should wish to hold some converse with
them.

ARIEL, *and a* BAND OF FAIRIES.

Here let us light, where we have often met,
But never with more joy than on this day,
Known and proclaim'd through all our elfin
realms.

A royal wedding, 'tis our privilege,
And ever has been, in the British isles,
To celebrate with special gladsomeness.

FAIRIES.

We come with garlands fair
To greet a royal pair ;
We come to trip and sing,
In a merry, merry ring ;
And while through its mazes, our quick feet are
 running,
Our best roundelay we will warble with cunning,
Since we meet on the sands, or else on the green,
For lovers to sing, and to dance for a Queen.

ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

Ye courteous fairies, let me ask of you
And of your chief, if ye can tell me where
To find the nymph, who makes a wedding day
Only as one, which through an open'd gate,
Shall lead to many, not so gaily drest,
Yet cheerful as itself. Where does she tarry ?

FAIRIES.

You mean the nymph, that knows to bless
Earthly homes with happiness.

By ourselves, on British ground,
As we wander up and down,
She not seldom has been found,
In the hamlet and the town.

ONE FAIRY.

In a cottage she will stay,
With a little troop at play,
Or kneeling when they see her pray.

A SECOND.

I have spied her in low room,
With the weaver at his loom ;
I have often mark'd her sitting,
With the house-wife at her knitting.

A THIRD FAIRY.

She, 'mid the city's noisy crowd,
(A storm *without*, oft raging loud,)
Has calm *within* ; nor aught will fear,
While she moves in duty's sphere.

A FOURTH.

I have seen her by a rock,
Tend the shepherd with his flock,
List'ning to the nightingale,
In a thicket of the dale.

ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

But will she come to canopies of state,
And visit costly chambers of the great?

ARIEL.

At lordly tents her presence will be given,
When virtues call, and vows ascend to heaven.

FAIRIES.

Then she will there,
On cherub wings of praise and prayer,
Mount like a lark that carols in the air;
And while her voice is telling
Where she on earth has dwelling,
Higher and higher will she rise,
Till she has reach'd the palace of the skies,

And thence returning, will bring down,
What many a king would purchase with his crown.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

Come, therefore, come!—domestic Peace !
And with Victoria live ;
Nor ever may'st thou cease,
Upon Victoria's head,
Thy choice delights to shed ;
And let them be a dower,
The best a Queen can give,
To share with Albert in the regal bower !

FAIRIES.

She, thus invok'd, will come. We fays will haste
And whisper these glad tidings to the Prince.

ARIEL.

Yet, for a while, beside me stay,
And let me know, I pray,
What each would say.
Rehearse it now in my own ear,

As if the Prince were near,
Tell it me here.

(*Speaking to ARIEL, as if to the Prince.*)

FIRST FAY.

How peerless, princely Albert, is thy lot,
To meet with such a wife in such a Queen !
Being a Queen, she deigns to be thy spouse,
Only for love ; that in both characters
She may be found, whatever love can make her :
Then is she not to thee a queen of wives ?

A SECOND FAY.

She is thy glory, not her crown—yet that
As worn by her ; then, more than if 'twere thine,
Thou wilt delight in lessening to her head,
The weight of cares which on its wearer press ;
And thou wilt be most valiant to defend it.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS, *from the hollow rock.*

Thou must defend, if need require,
When, 'mid the swords, which countless round
the throne,

Against its foes would raise their flaming ire,
Must shine in front thy own.

(THE FAIRIES *start back, on one side, and then say—*)

What voice was that?—we fairies fly,

Nor can we stay to hear it nigh.

'Twas awful as a lion's roar,

Or mighty Ocean calling to the shore—

We feel, we feel the ground

Tremble beneath us at the sound!

THE FAIRIES *timidly returning*, A THIRD FAY *speaks*.

My breath I have recover'd, and would thus

Accost the Prince.—Thou never can'st possess

The nation's diadem; yet in its stead

Thy spouse will oft be crowning thee with smiles

That glisten on her lip, and dimpled cheek,

Or in her eyes, where a soft melting thought

May turn them, now and then, to liquid pearls,

That shame all other gems.

FOURTH FAY.

At times, perchance,

Amid those smiles, as emblems of their meaning,
 But only half their meaning, shall her hand,
 With winning grace, entwine around thy brow
 A myrtle wreath, join'd to a wreath of bays;—
That, for her love—this, for thy poesy. (a)

FIFTH FAY.

Thus, Albert, shall it be. Sweet privacy
 Shall make her queenly goodness to thyself,
 Like solar light when brought within a prism,
 For thee to feel, with thine own heart, its warmth,
 And all its beauteous colours to admire.

SIXTH FAY.

Mark now the moon—a bard is often wont
 To mark her well—fair empress of the night,
 That heav'n's high sphere and earth beneath
 illumes;
 Yet not the less, in narrow woodland glen,
 Her gleam of radiance may be thought to rest
 Only on one, whose eye shall woo it there.
 And it may look, reposing on a bank,

Like Sleep that dreams of him. What thus the
moon

Can but *appear* to such an eye, thy spouse
In deed and truth shall ever be to thine,
Reserving for it every softest glance ;
While, in her rule, and by example too,
She, as a Queen, must shine for all the land.
Then, in return for all she is to thee,
May'st thou, O Prince! (and 'tis thy bosom's wish)
Although a subject, ever prove to her
More than a king in nobleness of love !

ALL THE FAIRIES TOGETHER.

More than peopleth Fancy's beam,
More than poet's heart can dream,
May ye each to other be,
In a blest reality !

PART III.

A FAIRY.

Our part we have performed, on this high day;
And tuneful wishes we have breath'd, that bliss
With a full cup, may royal lips regale.
But ere we fly, (more deeply to infix
Thy former lessons on our memory,)
Tell us, kind Ariel, monarch of our race,
What means can minister in wedded life
To such felicity as all desire ?

ARIEL.

As I have heard, and specially for those
Who "neither toil nor spin," one requisite
Is knowledge, still increas'd, that gives the mind
Pure pleasures, ever new, nor suffers it

To stagnate unemploy'd; suggesting oft,
 Converse, which, whether grave or playful, may
 instruct,
 While over it Discretion shall preside.

THE SAME FAIRY.

'Tis true; but while "the many" cannot gain
 Such knowledge, and increase it, yet must all
Virtues possess, without which, no advance
 In human lore, promotes an end so great.
 To these thy strain alluded:—what are they?

ARIEL.

Methinks I see them all, together met;
 The group first shows me self-forgetting Love
 Upon the breast of faithful Truth reclin'd;
 Near them is Kindness, ever on the watch,
 To say and do, becomingly, in season,
 A thousand little things, little themselves,
 Yet wond'rous in effect when thus combin'd.
 Meek Pity there is seen; and Gentleness,
 That, when she chides, can please. Forbearance
 too,

Whose hand is sometimes plac'd upon her brow,
While she beneath it shews a pensive smile.
Sincerity is there, that probes a wound
Only to heal ; while Patience lends her aid,
And seeks to conquer, by enduring, ills.

THE SAME FAIRY.

There is, I ween, another virtue still,
Well known to us : we Fairies call the nymph
Simplicity, that has not learnt to think
Evil of others ; and in nature's works,
Her humblest works, still finding much of good
And loveliness, will cull or point it out,
For others to be pleased with, like herself.
She is a fav'rite of our elfin tribe.
We flit about her step, in many a scene,
Cultur'd or wild ; in flower-embroider'd walk,
In copse, or glade, by fountain, lake, or stream.
We notice when she stops, and aught by her
Is mark'd or listen'd to. The grand or fair,
Still finds a mirror in her crystal eye,
And a sweet sound is echoed by her heart.

ARIEL.

I now am minded of one Virtue more,
Needful in every place, but most in such
As form a contrast to those lone retreats.
Of palaces I speak, and princely halls,
If peace and confidence are wish'd for there ;
The virtue which I mean, is Prudence call'd—
Never forgetting what and where she is,
In act or word—a law unto herself,
With finger on her lip, she gives a law
To every tongue within or near the gates.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

Well have ye spoken, gentle fays and elves,
What I have heard—yet virtues now describ'd,
(Promoting purposes most dear to all,)
Are mainly private, though not wholly so ;
But there are Virtues, public in their bearing,
Too numerous for my tongue now to recount, ^(b)
Many of which directly appertain
To those who guide a state, and who on earth
Must ever look to the great King in heaven,
That they may rightly govern, under Him.

Such as they need, and other Virtues too,
 Should all be train'd by Piety, and still
 For growth and nutriment, be fed by her
 With manna from on high. May they who rule,
 Be blest in their own homes, and thence derive
 (Living for multitudes besides themselves)
 Fresh zeal to aim, as far as in them lies,
 At spreading such blest homes throughout a realm!
 But see! where Britain's Genius comes again,
 With my associate spirits, lately here.
 Their hands are all in one direction turn'd—
 'Tis clear that something wond'rous meets their
 sight.

(The Fairies departing.)

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

Is it a vision that presents itself?
 Behold through yon bright vista, what a scene
 Bursts on the eye! Upon a lofty mount,
 View'd from all sides, a solemn shrine appears,
 At which a female worshipper is kneeling,
 Her head encircled with a golden crown:
 A light is on the shrine, as if 'twere pour'd

In a long stream from empyrean day,
And came through clouds, which picture Times
gone by :

The wise, the great and good, that once had liv'd,
That once had rul'd or counsell'd, fought or bled,
For Britain's weal, and in a holy cause,
Amid those clouds appear to hover round—
The wise, the great and good, now living, seem
Collected near that worshipper ; yet all
Below herself, and with descending ranks
Of pious crowds, down to the wide-spread base.—
And hark ! (while many lesser shrines around
At varying distances repeat the same,)
What voices thence, successively pour forth
The words of supplication, sometimes mix'd
With solemn music ? Hark !—they reach our ears.

*Voices from persons not distinctly seen, yet coming
from the shrine on which the light shines.*

Sovereign of all !—from thy eternal throne,
Look down with favour on our Queen, we pray :
With glory to Thy Name, make Thou this day
Fruitful to Her, in good alone ;
Fruitful in good, to all beneath her sway.

Teach her to know Thy ways,
And shew forth, Lord, thy praise ;

To her, for Councillors, the taught of heav'n,
Let Wisdom and Integrity be given.

Long may she reign, and reigning see
A people blest, obeying her, and Thee.

May the land still, while useful arts increase,
Be strong for war, yet wise for peace.

While priests are cloth'd in purest dress
Of truth and righteousness,
In every rank, on every side,
Be knowledge multiplied.

May rich and poor, the high and low,
Their mutual duties know ;
And in those duties done, when understood,
Most surely find their common good !

May all be taught the christian law of love,
For concord here, and bliss above !

Thus let the Nation's light of practice shine,
And prove to distant lands her faith divine ;
Then, haply then, with heaven on earth begun,
May distant lands be made, with her, as one,
The kingdoms of the Lord, and his anointed Son.

BRITAIN'S GENIUS.

I will not venture more to hear such words,
Perchance too sacred for a time like this—
I left my haunts, and only meant to keep
High festival to-day. The fairy folk
Have disappear'd, in farewell flight ; and I
With my attendant spirits will retire :
Yet whensoever, as now, we leave our cells,
This strain by us, around each rock and cave,
Shall oft be chaunted to the wind and wave—
“Long live the Queen, who rules these Western
Isles!
Long live the Prince on whom Victoria smiles!”

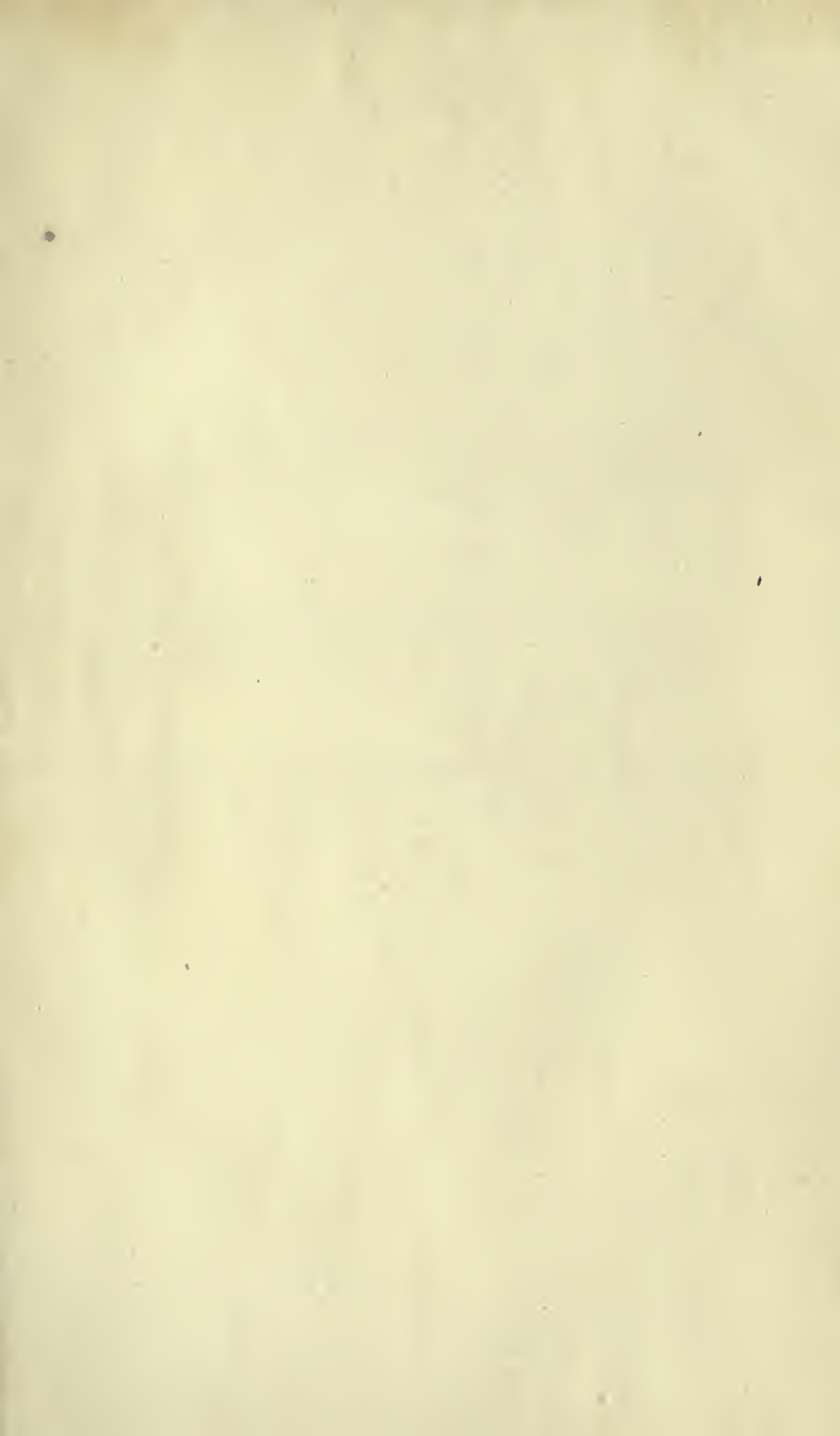
NOTES TO THE MASK.

(a) Prince Albert is known to be a Poet.

(b) Shakspeare makes Macbeth thus enumerate such
Virtues.

“The King-becoming graces,
Are justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.”

MACBETH.



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